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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

W Bronscombe 23 Jan 30 09

'Until He Find.'

Luke 15: 4.

(By Anna Temple.)

O tender shepherd! climbing rugged mountains,
And wading waters deep,
How long wouldst thou be willing to go homeless
To find a straying sheep?

'I count no time,' the shepherd gently answered,
'As thou dost count and bind
The days in weeks, the weeks in months; my counting
Is just—until I find.'

'And that would be the limit of my journey.
I'd cross the water deep,
And climb the hillsides with unfailing patience,
Until I found my sheep.'

—Selected.

Prayer as Wireless Telegraphy

(By Canon Wilberforce.)

Intercessory prayer is that divine essence of soul union, that heavenly ministry, which laughs distance to scorn and creates a meeting place in God for sundered hearts and lives. I cannot analyze it and reduce it to a proposition; but neither can I analyze the invisible fragrant vibrations which proceed from a bunch of violets, and which will perfume a whole room. I cannot analyze the passage through the air of the dots and dashes of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy. But I know that intercession is a current of the breath of God, starting from your own soul, and acting as a dynamic force upon the object for which you pray. It sets free secret spirit influences (perhaps the Father's mighty angels, that excel in strength, who can say?), but which influences would not be set free without the intercession. I can well understand Mary, Queen of Scots, saying that she feared the prayers of John Knox more than an army of ten thousand men. Why should not intercession be part of God's regularized workings, as much as wireless telegraphy? Why should it not be a natural law, and none the less spiritual, because natural? Such forces do exist—call them thought transference, psychic sympathy, spiritual affinity, what you will. These forces of influence between man and man, acting independently of distance, are rapidly claiming recognition from the physical investigator. Why should not intercession be one of these secret affinities, appertaining to the highest part of man, and acting, by Divine natural law, directly upon the object prayed for, originating from the divine nature in you, and passing, full of the infinite resources of God, directly to the one for whom you pray?

Give Yourself to Christ.

(Marcus Dods, D.D., in the 'North Western Advocate.')

We know that we are being made by what we respond to, and the older we grow we know it the more clearly; we see it written on our own character that we have become the kind of men that we little thought one day we should become, and we know that we have become such men by responding to certain things which are not the things of the Spirit.

Never was a truer word than that he that soweth to the flesh shall of flesh reap corruption, and he only that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life. That is what, in other terms, Paul here says. He says: 'If you set yourselves square with Christ, you will become like him; that is to say, if you find your all in him, if you can be absolutely frank and honest with him, if you can say, "Mould and fashion me according to thy will; lead me according to thy will; make me in this world what thou wilt; do with me what thou wilt; I put myself wholly at thy disposal; I do not wish to crane to see past Christ's figure to some better thing beyond; I give myself wholly and freely to him"—the man that says this, the man that does this, he will certainly become like to him. But the man who even when he prays knows that he has desires in his heart that Christ cannot gratify, the man that never goes out from his own home or never goes into his own home without knowing that he has responded to things that Christ disapproves—how can that man hope to be like him!'

We must then associate with Christ, and we must set ourselves squarely; we must be absolutely true in our entire and absolute devotion. Surely no man thinks that this is a hardship; that his nature and life be restricted by giving himself wholly to Christ? It is only when you give yourself entirely to Christ that you know what freedom means; that you know what it is to live in this world afraid of nothing. Superior to things that before you were afraid of and anxious about, you at length learn what it is to be a child of God. Let no man think that he lames his nature and makes his life poorer by becoming entirely the possession of Christ.

But, thirdly, we must set Christ before us and live before him with unveiled face. 'We all "with unveiled face" reflecting as a mirror.' Throw a napkin over a mirror and it reflects nothing. Perfect beauty may stand before it, but the mirror gives no sign. And this is why, in a dispensation like ours, the Christian dispensation, with everything contrived to reflect Christ, to exhibit Christ, the whole thing set a-going for this purpose of exhibiting Christ, we so little see him. How is it that two men can sit at a communion table together and the one be lifted to the seventh heaven and see the King in his beauty, while the other only envies his neighbor his vision? Why is it that in the same house-

hold two persons will pass through identically the same domestic circumstances, the same events, from year to year and the one see Christ everywhere, while the other grows sullen, sour, indifferent? Why is it? Because the one wears a veil that prevents him from seeing Christ; the other lives with unveiled face. How was it that the Psalmist, in the changes of the seasons even, in the mountain, in the sea, in everything that he had to do, found God? How was it that he knew that even though he made his bed in hell he would find God? Because he had an unveiled face; he was prepared to find God. How is it that many of us can come into church and be much more taken up with the presence of some friend than with the presence of Christ? The same reason still—we wear a veil; we do not come with unveiled face prepared to see him.

And when we ask ourselves, 'What, in point of fact, is the veil that I wear? What is it that has kept me from responding to the perfect beauty of Christ's character? I know that that character is perfect; I know that I ought to respond to it; I know that I ought to go out eagerly towards Christ and strive to become like him; why do I not do it?' we find that the veil that keeps us from responding thus to Christ and reflecting him is not like the mere dimness on a mirror which the bright and warm presence of Christ himself would dry off; it is like an incrustation that has been growing out from our hearts all our life long, and that now is impervious, so far as we can see, to the image of Christ. How can hearts steeped in worldliness reflect this absolutely unworldly, this heavenly Person? When we look into our hearts, what do we find in point of fact? We find a thousand things that we know have no right there; that we know to be wrong. How can such hearts reflect this perfect purity of Christ? Well, we must see to it that these hearts be cleansed; we must hold ourselves before Christ until from very shame these passions of ours are subdued, until his purity works its way into our hearts through all obstructions; and we must keep our hearts, we must keep the mirror free from dust, free from incrustations, once we have cleansed it.

Suppose.

(By the Rev. A. Messler Quick.)

Were all our life one round of joy,
  Of happiness unbounded,
All service gold without alloy,
  And only praises sounded;
And were our lives unknown to care,
  No loads were ours to carry,
With naught to vex and naught to bear,
  No blows to feel or parry,
Would patience have its place in life,
  And every virtue needed
To make us strong and master strife,
  As calls of life are heeded?

If in this world there were no need
  Of loving ministration,
By thoughtful aims, in word and deed,
  How bald the consolation?
If hearts were always full of song,
  And never sad or bleeding,
How could we grow in service strong,
  By helping and relieving?
Ah, yes, each sorrow claims our heart,
  And consolations tender,
And we, with willing mind, impart
  What service we can render.

And yet, in heaven there's no more pain,
  No hearts borne down with sorrow,
And if 'tis ours this heaven to gain,
  We from earth's pangs must borrow
Submissive faith, our lives to grace,
  And perfect our tuition,
For in Gethsemane's paths we trace
  Our title to fruition;
So, like the seed that underground
  Seeks higher sweet unfolding,
No soul in darkness will be found
  That trusts to heaven the holding.

Work in Labrador.

DAY BY DAY AT HARRINGTON.

Some idea of the continual calls upon the mission doctor's time, and of the daily difficulties to be met with in the Labrador Medical Mission work, may be gained from the account sent to 'Toilers of the Deep,' by Dr. H. Mather Hare, in whose work at Harrington we have such a strong interest since it is for this point that the new launch, for which we are at present collecting, is destined.

The season's work commenced at the end of April with a trip by a small boat, the quantity of ice about rendering the use of the launch then unwise. This preliminary trip safely over, the next few days found us busy with the launch, writes Dr. Hare, getting her scraped, caulked, and painted, the engine overhauled, new halyards rove off, and everything made shipshape for the summer's work. We launched her at high water late in the evening of May 12, and at half-past ten we had her ballasted and at her mooring. We slept on board the night of the 14th to be ready for an early start, and next morning, about 4 a.m., we were steering out through Johnston's Passage, on our first launch trip. I had had a wire from a harbor some hundred and sixty miles away asking me to come as quickly as possible; so we pushed on, getting to our destination on Sunday evening, and there found a bad pleurisy case. Stayed there a day or two, then left for home on the morning of the 21st. We worked our way back more slowly, calling everywhere, and seeing everybody, so it was not until the evening of May 26 that we found ourselves back in Harrington.

Left for a trip to Mutton Bay and Tabatiere at noon, May 30, and managed to run into a gale of wind and drifting snow that lasted almost three days.

On one of the mornings during the storm a couple of Indians came after me in a canoe, and we went off into the bluster of wind and snow to their camp, where an infant was ill with severe bronchitis.

Sharing up rolled oats, milk, etc., with them, and keeping in touch with the child during the time we were delayed by the storm, we had the satisfaction of finding the child out of danger when we were able to leave.

Home in Harrington for two days, then, as the Indians were all collecting at Musquarro to meet the priest, and hold their Mission, I started up there to try and do something for the many ailing ones.

There were some three hundred Indians then camped about the chapel. Many of them can speak English, and some of them French, so we were able to get along fairly well. A good many of them were strangers to me, but the greater part I had met several times before. We spent three days among them, then left to return, getting to Harrington June 13.

About noon on June 26 I got word that I was needed at a harbor thirty-five miles west, so, soon after we left, getting to my patient at eleven o'clock that night. The average speed of the launch is slightly over four miles an hour, which is too slow when you are on a hurry call.

Returned to Harrington at half-past ten the next evening, but had to go and see the patient again two days afterwards, and this time I brought her back to the hospital.

We had to lower her down the hatchway and lay her on the floor of the little cuddy, where she just filled up the space between the two shelves where Sam and I sleep, one on the starboard and the other on the port side. We were able to get her snugged away in bed in the hospital about five o'clock.

While away I had a wire calling me to Mutton Bay, so we left the next morning, carrying with us a patient returning home from a stay in hospital. We had the fog as thick as cotton-wool all the way, but managed to find our way into the narrow passage leading into the harbor. Saw a few patients, and arranged to take another patient from a Newfoundland 'Jack' that was there; this we did early next morning. The boy (he was only fifteen) was quite unconscious, suffering from meningitis. We went out with him into the thick fog, making him as comfortable as we could on the cuddy floor, and in about seven hours we had him in the hospital. He never became conscious, dying three days afterwards.

Dr. Grenfell and his party arrived July 4, and it was a pretty strenuous forty-eight hours during his stay.

Started on a trip east July 15, in spite of the heavy breeze, rain, and thick fog. Boarded several fishing schooners on our way to Mutton Bay, treating their infected fingers and other troubles, and leaving books or magazines with them.

Worked down the coast, calling everywhere, and seeing all the people; boarding schooners when we had the chance, and spending what time we and they had to spare in talking with them. Went up the St. Augustine river and visited the families at the Hudson's Bay Post, then continued our way. Had a good deal of trouble with our engine, through not having spare parts with which to make simple repairs; not having any tools complicated matters also.

Found it impossible to go further east than Salmon Bay, on account of the engine. Sent for some spare parts to New York, and then worked our way homeward slowly. The engine gave out twice, once during a very heavy breeze. While we were plugging to windward the packing blew out, and we had to spread our little bit of sail and do the best we could to make the lee of an island, where we did our best to patch the engine up once more. The next day, on a lee shore and with no shelter, the packing blew out once more. We had no proper bolts or nuts with which to hold the ignitor ball in its place, and we could not get them on the coast. After patching up the engine again we started on another trip west, taking a patient back to her home, and also two men, who had been put ashore here from a large yacht.

Went as far West as Esquimaux Point on this trip, and hoped to meet with a steamer, whose engineer would help us by making us a few common bolts, but we did not meet with one. Sam was very careful to keep the weak place caulked up tightly, and we had no trouble.

There is a very bad place in this run, where there is a straight shore for nearly thirty miles, with sand-banks that break three miles from land, but we passed it going and coming without accident, though it would have been a bad look-out for us had the packing blown again.

September 16 we started once more to try and go east. Had a breeze of fair wind, which was a good thing for us, as the packing blew out when we were crossing the large bay to the east of this. We put up our sail, and went into a harbor, where we patched up, and got back to Harrington. With a little more caulking of the joint we thought we could venture to go east again, so we left September 20, taking a lay reader with us, who was anxious to get to his appointment. We worked our way along as far as Salmon Bay, and here the engine refused to go further. We spent a day caulking it up, and got back to Bonne Esperance, where we spent three days cutting nuts and bolts with tools kindly loaned us by Messrs. Whiteley.

September 26 we started for home, going into all the harbors and up the St. Augustine River, again seeing everybody. We had with us a patient who was coming into the hospital for operation for a rather severe condition.

Brought up the mail bags from Bonne Esperance for the different places, and got home the evening of September 29.

We hope to get the chance to make another trip east before the winter sets in too severely, but the week past has been very stormy, gales of wind, rain, and driving snow making it impossible to travel.

Services have been held, and by precept and example we have striven to help others along the upward road.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—P. Johnston, Quebec, $5.00; Mrs. A. McMillan, Gould Station, Que., $2.00; Mrs. M. A. Berwick, Robinson, Que., $1.00; G. Russell, Charing Cross, Ont., 65cts.; A Friend, Minneapolis, Minn., $2.00; M. B. Henderson, Union Road, P.E.I., $1.00; Total..	$ 11.65
Received for the cots:—Mrs. D. W. Brown, Hall's Prairie, B.C..	$ 5.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes..	$ 1,676.67
Total on hand Jan. 26..	$ 1,693.32

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY FEBRUARY 21, 1909.

Stephen the First Christian Martyr.

Acts vi., 8-15; vii., 54—viii., 3. Memory verses vii., 55, 56. Read Acts vi., 1—viii., 3.

Golden Text.

They stoned Stephen, calling upon the Lord, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. Acts vii., 59.

Home Readings.

Monday, February 15.—Acts vi., 1-15.
Tuesday, February 16.—Acts vii., 1-16.
Wednesday, February 17.—Acts vii., 17-34.
Thursday, February 18.—Acts vii., 35-53.
Friday, February 19.—Acts vii., 54—viii., 3.
Saturday, February 20.—Ex. xxxiv., 29-35.
Sunday, February 21.—Rev. vii., 9-17.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do you remember what we have been studying about these last few Sundays? About the beginning of the Christian Church just after Christ died, and how the disciples tried to do what Jesus would have had them do. What did Jesus do when He was here on earth? He helped the poor, and healed the sick, made lame people able to walk, made blind people see again, taught the people about God and good things, and all the time, as Peter once said, 'He went about doing good.' Did the Jewish rulers thank Him for all He did for the people? No, we know that they hated and crucified Him because they were jealous of Him. Now we have been studying about Christ's disciples who, like Jesus, were teaching the people, helping the poor, and healing the sick. Can any one tell me what the Jewish rulers did to stop them? Yes, first of all they put Peter and John in prison, then later they put all the disciples in prison and had them scourged before they let them go. Now to-day we are to learn about one of Christ's followers that they even killed. What does our golden text say? 'And they stoned Stephen.' We want to find out who Stephen was, and what he did that anybody should have so cruelly killed him.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The little that there is said about Stephen is not the measure of what might well be said about such a splendid character, but it is not the way of the Bible to eulogize. The facts are given simply, and, little space though they occupy, they set forth one of the finest characters in the history of the world. The trouble that seemed to threaten the peace and growth of the early church was met with prompt measures on the part of the apostles. It is another indication of the snare that there is in money at all times if it is not carefully watched against. These foreign Jews in the old national city had been for some time cared for and helped, yet as the suspicion crept in among them that they were not being treated quite so well as others, discontent and jealousy awoke. The apostles realized that the early simple organization could no longer exist. The growth of the church brought in new problems that had to be met by new methods. It is notable that one of the foremost among the seven deacons now chosen, Stephen, was a Hellenist himself, one of those Greek-speaking Jews from other lands among whom the trouble had arisen. Another was Nicolas, a foreigner who was not even a Jew by birth. Philip, too, the only other one of the deacons whose work we hear much of, was apparently a Grecian Jew. So we find that although the Jews native to Jerusalem formed by far the larger part of the early church membership, they were glad to show their confidence in their brethren of foreign birth by choosing trustees of the poor fund from among them. Stephen naturally set to work earnestly in the work for which he was most fitted, not trying to deal with the Jews of Jerusalem where the apostles were so successful, but disputing with the foreigners as they gathered in their own synagogues in the city. They were none the less bigoted Jews for their foreign birth, and when they found his arguments unanswerable they stopped short at nothing in order to silence him. It was not the truth which they were anxious to support, but 'the traditions of their fathers' (Matt. xv., 1-9; Mark vii., 9; Gal. i., 13, 14). That is the great danger of forms and formalism at all times: that they may build up a barrier against the reception of new light, and make the worshipper cling to the form instead of to his God. These Jews were willing to break the tenth commandment in order to silence this unanswerable man, Stephen. The introduction of Saul at the close of this story is of the greatest interest. We see him a young man, hardened in fanaticism, perfectly sure he was right, glad to have even the smallest part in the death of Stephen; sharp contrast to the picture presented by the dying man, gentle and forgiving in his last breath. Stephen's was not the gentleness of indecision or weak character. Look at his attack in verse 51. In the fervor of his address he is not slow to see that his argument is stirring his audience against him, and that if he is to place his most telling blow, he must do so promptly. The fact that the rulers took his execution in their own hands at a time when the nation was not allowed by the Romans to inflict the death penalty seems to be explained by dating this incident during the time between the deposition of Pilate and the arrival of the new governor. Even were it towards the end of Pilate's governorship, as some place it, it would be little likely that Pilate, who realized his insecurity and the representations already made against him at Rome by the Jewish rulers, would stir up still further antagonism by calling the Sanhedrin to account in any way.

(SELECTIONS.)

The character of Stephen—'A young man of such original genius and special grace that there was nothing he might not have attained to had he been allowed to live. His wonderful openness of mind; his perfect freedom from all the prepossessions, prejudices, and superstitions of his day; his courage, his eloquence, his spotless character; with a certain sweet, and at the same time majestic manner, all combined to set Stephen in the very front rank both of service and of risk. He was already all but the foremost man of his day.'—Alexander Whyte, Bible Characters.

'He liveth long who liveth well,
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.'

The source of Stephen's power was that he was filled with the Holy Spirit (v., 5). Professor Bruce said of Phillips Brooks, 'The man is just a great water-main attached to the everlasting reservoir of God's truth, and grace and love, and streams of life, as by a heavenly gravitation, pour through him to refresh weary souls.'—Prof. A. V. G. Allen's Life of Phillips Brooks.

Verse 59. 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' To go out of life because we must, is misery, to go out because our wills accept the necessity, is triumph and victory. The one is death indeed, the other is the opening of the spirit to the influx of a larger life. Blessed is he who at that last hour goes willingly, because he knows that he goes after his Lord, recognizing that the grave, too, is a 'place whither the Forerunner for us is entered.' He is Heaven, and Heaven is He. Stephen knew very little of what he was to meet beyond this earth, but he knew whom he was to meet, and that was enough for him.—Alexander Maclaren, in Last Sheaves.

The Martyr Spirit to-day.—A little over three years ago four missionaries were murdered in Lienchou, China. Two of them were young student volunteers, Mr. and Mrs. Peale, who had reached the mission station only the night before. The plan of the Missionary Board had been to send them to Yeung-Kong, and Mr. Kunkle, another young student, to Lienchou, but as Mr. Kunkler received a fellowship in England and decided to give another year to his studies, the Board, thinking the station at Lienchou the more urgent, sent Mr. and Mrs. Peale there in his stead. Do you think that when the terrible news of what would have been his own fate reached Mr. Kunkle, he would still be willing to go to China? These are the words he wrote to the Board as soon as he learned what had happened: 'I cannot help thinking that had I been more faithful, it would have been I that had gained a martyr's crown, and a better than I spared for the work. Now I earnestly seek the privilege of taking the place of the martyred Peale, and if in your judgment this sad event and the increased need justify my leaving my studies and proceeding at once to China, I am ready to sail.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, February 21.—Topic—Trying to seem better than you are. Acts v., 1-6.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, February 15.—Elijah in despair. I. Kings xviv., 1-8.

Tuesday, February 16.—Three bitter days. Acts ix., 1-11.

Wednesday, February 17.—The soul cast down. Ps. xlii., 1-6.

Thursday, February 18.—The way of despair. Ps. 91.

Friday, February 19.—Faith's triumph. Rom. v., 1-5.

Saturday, February 20.—The peace that never fails. Phil. iv., 4-7.

Sunday, February 21.—Topic—Pilgrim's Progress Series. II. The Slough of Despond. Ps. lxxix., 1-4, 13-18; l., 1-3.

What They Will Study.

You may have trouble in getting your scholars to study their lessons, but you will have no trouble in getting them to study you. —'S. S. Teacher.'

Keep Yourself Out of Sight.

A gentleman in Scotland thought he would like to try his hand at fishing during his holidays. Provided with the very best of tackle, he sallied forth and toiled all day, but caught nothing. Towards evening, he espied a little, ragged urchin, with tackle of the most primitive order, landing fish with marvellous rapidity. He went to him and asked him the secret of his success, receiving for reply, 'The fish'll no catch, sir, as lang as ye dinna keep yersel' oot o' sicht.' Fishers of men need not wonder at their want of success if they do not keep themselves out of sight.—Selected.

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That our glorious aim
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By our badge.

At concert and lecture
It should gleam like a star,
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Wherever we are.
At prayer-meeting time
We surely must don
The winsome white ribbon.
For protection put on
Our blessed badge!

All seasons are ours
The symbol to wear
Of temperance and truth
And holiness, fair;
'Tis modish in summer,
'Tis good for the fall,
In spring and in winter,
On cape, coat or shawl
Wear your badge.

And of course when we've worn it
At home without fail,
We'll not leave it behind
When we travel by rail!
This suggestion, no doubt
Is a hint 'you' don't need—
The display of our badge
Should be part of our creed.
Wear our badge!

—'Union Signal.'

German Scientists for Total Abstinence.

Mr. J. G. Everts has written to the 'Home Herald' an article which we gladly reproduce, as we so frequently hear remarks about German sobriety:

The following translation of the anti-alcohol declaration, which was recently circulated among the medical and juridic faculties of the German universities and received more than a hundred signatures, should be of prime importance to all, but especially to our German-American countrymen, of whom a great number still think that alcoholic indulgence is the mark of the true German.

In the old Fatherland also the movement against the drink evil has at last reached the Total Abstinence stage. Witness the phenomenal growth of the German, Swiss, and Austrian Abstinence societies since 1900, the total membership of which now exceeds 120,000, according to the present edition of the great German encyclopaedia, 'Meyer's Konversationslexikon.' And surely but a part of the abstainers are members of organized societies.

And now the thorough German scientists declare for Total Abstinence. Let us read their unequivocal declaration as published, together with the names of all the signers, in the May number of the 'Internationale Monatsschrift zur Bekampfung der Trinksitten,' the official organ of the German Anti-Liquor League:

'It is a scientifically indisputable fact that alcoholic drink undermines the physical and intellectual stamina of the human race and hurts the moral welfare of the people more than any other factor. It impregnates the offspring with hereditary ailments and thus deteriorates the race. More than half the inmates of our penal institutions have been actuated to their criminal course by alcoholic indulgence, and about one-fourth of the male inmates of the insane asylums owe their deplorable condition to the same cause. Domestic misery, poverty, and criminality follow in the wake of this poisoner of the race. Alcohol has been shown to be the cause of one-tenth of the deaths among the adult population. Thirteen hundred deaths occur annually in Germany alone in consequence of intoxication, and 1,600 victims of alcohol commit suicide every year in this country, while about 30,000 are yearly added to the list of those suffering from delirium tremens and other psychic disorders.

'This awful amount of misery at the same time entails an enormous financial burden on our people. The direct cost of the alcoholic beverages consumed every year in Germany amounts to 3,500,000,000 marks (nearly $1,000,000,000), or about 55 marks per capita of the entire population. This amount exceeds the combined annual cost of our army and navy threefold. And to this must be added the equally enormous indirect cost caused by the above mentioned natural consequences of the drink habit.

'The consumption of alcoholic beverages has increased in an astonishing manner during the last century, and is still on the increase, on account of the unprecedented prosperity following upon the rise of the modern industries. But an adaptation of the human race to this increased alcoholic indulgence has evidently not taken place on account of the directly harmful effects on posterity.

'It is therefore apparent to all who have a sincere interest in the welfare of our people that one of their most important patriotic duties is to help stem this destructive tide as soon and as effectually as possible.

'It has been demonstrated that even the moderate use of alcoholic liquors—which, however, is rather to be considered as the exception and not the rule among Germans—brings no real advantage or benefit of any kind to the drinker. All the prevalent ideas in regard to the invigorating and otherwise supposedly beneficial properties of alcohol in small doses have been proved erroneous by scientific research. Moderate drinking has a tendency to make the human body more liable to disease and to shorten life. Furthermore, it is the moderate use of liquor which has become such a snare to so many thousands of our countrymen leading and enticing them to the intemperate course which at first they not only did not desire, but positively abhorred. This consequence is a natural one on account of the inherent nature of the alcoholic poison and of the human nervous system. Even though we were optimistic enough to believe that the latter would ultimately adapt itself more to the continual inroads of the alcoholic poison, the fact of the perfidious character of the poison would yet remain. Hence the practise of moderate drinking remains the ultimate source of intemperance. The hope to do away with any appreciable amount of this untold misery by exhorting drinkers to moderation has proved itself utterly futile. As long as intoxicating liquors have existed moderation has been extolled and intemperance condemned—but with what results is apparent on every hand. The efforts toward moderation have never and nowhere set an effectual barrier against the alcoholic evil. On the other hand, eminently beneficial results have been attained in a number of lands by the adoption of a course of strict abstinence. There are now over ten million adherents and followers of this policy in America, and over seven million in Europe. Recently this movement has also gained a foothold in Germany, and is now growing with rapid strides. The movement is an inevitable one, and as it is founded on both the ideal and the material interests of mankind, its ultimate triumph is assured.'

As before stated, this declaration is signed by over a hundred professors of medicine and jurisprudence at the German universities. Truly, the time is at an end that Total Abstinence can be put down as an outgrowth of Puritan fanaticism, as some German-Americans have been trying to do heretofore.—The 'National Advocate.'

Tell Me I Hate the Bowl?

A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for 'The Philadelphia Ledger' on the subject of Temperance. Her writings were so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend accused her of being a maniac on the subject of Temperance, whereupon she wrote the following lines:—

Go feel what I have felt;
Go bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech, and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every promised blessing swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall,
Life's fading flowers strewing all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen:
Behold the strong man bowed.
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his withered glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide;
Wipe from her cheeks the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,
The grey that streaks her dark hair now,
With fading frame and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup,
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made her prospect bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife—
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife;
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight, a drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know,
All that 'my soul' hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow—
See if it's beauty can atone,
Think of its flavor you will try
When all proclaim 'Tis drink and die.'

Tell me I 'hate' the bowl?
Hate is a feeble word:
'I loathe—abhor—my very soul'
With strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the dark beverage of hell!

'A Medical Man's View of the Temperance Question.'

Dr. Russell, of Glasgow, showing the deleterious effects of alcohol on the human body, proved that the use of alcohol, even in moderate doses, excited disease, and was conducive to the production of consumption. To show the effect on the nervous system, he mentioned the instance of a violinist, who, when urged to take stimulants, said: 'If I take one taste I discover it; if two, my audience does.'—Selected.

Letters of Queen Victoria.

These three fascinating volumes issued in popular form by direct command of His Majesty the King, should be in every school library in Canada, and in every home as far as possible. They are bound in crimson cloth, gold lettered, and contain full page illustrations.

Every loyal Briton will want a set, and we will gladly send them to any address on receipt of $1.50, and postage extra 25 cents. FOR THE SCHOOL LIBRARY it could be secured on a premium basis by sending only SEVEN genuine new subscriptions to the Messenger,' at 40 cents each, subscriptions all to be in Canada, outside Montreal and suburbs.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by six, printed in purple and white and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

Well, did anyone find out what the motto means, Vincit, qui se vincit'? 'He conquers, who conquers himself.' Once get control of that sharp tongue of yours so that it doesn't snap out the mean and nasty words that you are sorry for afterwards; once get control of your temper so that it isn't constantly getting you into trouble; once get control of your thoughts so that you can shut out those that are like evil poisonous weeds, and then, having conquered yourself you will soon find yourself winning everybody else's love and respect. Not that the league members are to try to get first place in everyone's favor and want their friends' praise, but it is a good thing to be trusted and loved, isn't it?

The new members for this week are Dolly Gore, R., Sask.; Myrtle E. Brown, E., N.S.; Ruth, and Grace Niven, P., Man.; Ernest Crowe, G., Ont.; William J. G. Matthewson, A., Sask.; Evelyne Webster, A., B.C.; Alice Irene Wearne, S., P.Que.; Wallace Leitsch, S., Ont.; Maggie I. B. Thrift and Irene Thrift, H., B.C.; Vera M. Dickson, C., B.C.; Edith A. M. Moody, and Freddy Moody, R., Man.; Lena L. Elliot, S., N.B.; Hazel S. Murrell, T., Ont., and Harold Barnewall, O. C., Ont.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Indomitable.' George Richardson, V., Ont.
2. 'On a Slate.' Rovene Downey (aged 7), C., N.B.
3. 'Our School.' Annie Young (aged 12), A. M., Ont.
4. 'Clock.' Oral Frith (aged 12), M., Ont.
5. 'A Little Girl.' Ebba Johanson (aged 10), K., Ont.
6. 'Baltimore Oriole.' Howard E. White, P., Ont.
7. 'House.' Roy Lester (aged 10), A., Ont.
8. 'Rooster.' Walter Carruthers, L., Sask.
9. 'My Engine.' Heber Fitzgerald (aged 10), M., Sask.
10. 'House.' Rea E. Currie (aged 8), M. V., Ont.
11. 'A Lady.' Elsie McDuff (aged 12), W. R., P.E.I.
12. 'Minnie D.—.' Roy Meadows (aged 9), W. J., N.S.
13. 'Engine.' Percy Hart, C., Ont.

W., N.S.

Dear Editor,—Would you mind letting a little Nova Scotian girl enter your club? I want to be a member of your R. L. of K. I go to school to my father. I think that the 'Messenger' is the dearest paper thought of. This is the first time I have written, so I must close. Wishing the 'Messenger' success,

HAZEL VANBUSKIRK.

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school. I live near it and the teacher boards at our place. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' so it is not so interesting as the other correspondence letters, but one thing is that I am going to join the Royal League of Kindness. I have three sisters and two brothers. My brother is away at the shanty, and my oldest sister goes to the Academy in Shawville. She is studying to be a teacher.

LILLIAN CHAPMAN.

D., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School and I think it is a lovely little paper. I have not seen a letter from D. on the correspondence page, so I thought I would write one. I live with my uncle and aunt and two little cousins, a boy of seven and a girl eleven months of age. My father and mother live on a farm near Hamilton. Grandma stays with my uncle. Her birth day is on New Year's Day. She was born in Scotland, and is over eighty years old. I think the Royal League of Kindness is a splendid idea, and am glad to join it. I go to school every day and am in the fourth class. We like our teacher very well. My schoolmate is Violet Henderson. I have five brothers and two sisters.

OLIVE MacCHRISTIE.

O. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old and am in the Junior second class. My teacher lives right next door to my home. I have two turkeys and two ducks, and about thirty hens and a big dog, and I call him Prince.

HAROLD BARNEWALL.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We are having cold weather just now. It was snowing to-day. I go to school every day. I got the prize last month, as I came out ahead in my class in marks. I am in the Senior Second, but we are going to try for the Third I think soon. We have a mile and a quarter to go to school. Good-by,

From your little friend,

ADDIE SHEFFIELD.

B.M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday at Sunday School, and we think it is a fine paper, and would not do without it. I am joining the Royal League of Kindness, for I think it is just all right. We have a very nice Sunday School. It is small but it is doing a lot of good. We live in a very nice part of the country, and by just climbing part-way up a large mountain that is near here, you can get a fine view. There is a large mill and corundum mine here, and it employs a number of men. Well, I think I will close, wishing success to the 'Messenger' and R. L. of K.

MAY GRANT.

L.C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl 8 years old. I go to school very regularly. I am in the Third Reader. We are having very dry weather here for Algoma. I live on a farm five miles from Thessalon.

LILLIE J. WEIR.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old and am in the senior second class. I have a little brother six years old named Clifford. He has a dog called Bob. S. is a little village on the C.P.R. twenty-five miles west of Toronto. Well, I guess this is all for the first time. Wishing the 'Messenger' success.

EILEEN SCOTT.

W., Man.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old. I have about twenty books. My favorite author is Alger. The name of our school is John M. King School. It is only a little way from our house. We shall soon have some snow now. I have one sister and no brothers. My sister's name is Winnie.

CHARLEY SMALLBONE.

[You sent no answer with your riddle, Charley, so we had to leave it out. That is our rule, you know. Ed.]

OTHER LETTERS.

Ena J. Cross, S.D., P.Que., has a collie dog, 'and we are great friends.'

Harriet S. MacIntosh, and Lavinia M. Kennedy, W., N.S., write together. Both ask for correspondents, but forget that we cannot print full addresses. We are sorry, but we have to make this rule.

Clifford Lawrence, B., Man., says 'My brother and I are staying at my grandma's to go to school.'

Lena L. Elliot, S., N.B., lives on a farm now. 'I lived in a city all my life before.' You ask about sending stamps, Lena. Yes, all small sums may be sent in stamps, but large amounts should come by money order.

Stanley Karr, W., Man., thought he would write 'for I am doing nothing now. I am not going to school, for school is stopped.' That's too bad, Stanley, but we are glad to hear from you.

Herbert Masales, A., Ont., sends a riddle but it has been asked before.

Jennie and Ethel Grant, F., N.S., send a story written by themselves. The composition is very good, little friends, but we are afraid the plot presents too many questions. You should write on one side of your paper only.

Gwendoline Allan, L., Ont., says 'I am in the Third Book and keep head of my class.'

Lawrence E. Cass, M., Que., writes 'My pet is a kitten. I call her "Timoleen," a name I found in the "Messenger."'

Roy S. Meadows, W. J., N.S., lives 'By the sea shore. My papa is the minister here. I like to live by the shore.'

Earl Miller, A., Ont., 'was ill a while ago, but I am better now. A. is a very nice place to live in.'

Hazel S. Murrell, T., Ont., says 'I cannot coast much as I live in the village.' Why should that make coasting difficult, Hazel? Glad the R.L.K. pledge card and badge arrived safely.

Olden A. Wentzell, B.M., N.S., says 'Our house is a double house. My grandma lives in one part of it and we live in the other.' How nice to be so near grandma.

Eva L. Howes, H., Ont., writes 'I think the drawings at Christmas were very good, don't you, Editor?' Certainly, Eva; we are quite proud of some of our artists. Eva asks: What relation is your mother's brother's brother-in-law to you?

We also received short letters from Ethel King, W. R., P.E.I., Ethel Viola Devlin, E., Ont., Doris Adele Whiteford, H., Ont., Edna Clarkson, W., Ont., and Martha M. Crockett, E., N.S.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Nothing and Something.

It is nothing to me, the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
The man is weak, who can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.

It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And startled to hear a staggering tread.

It is nothing to me, the mother said,
I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name.

It was something to her when that only son
From the path of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and a sin-wrecked soul.

It is nothing to me, the merchant said,
As over his ledger he bent his head;
I'm busy to-day with tare and tret,
And have no time to fume and fret.

It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked the train,
And his wife and child were among the slain.

It is nothing to me, the young man cried,
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
I heed not the dreadful things ye tell,
I can rule myself, I know, full well.

'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,
The victim of drink, life ebbing away;
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of wasted life.

It is nothing to me, the voter said,
The party's loss is my greatest dread—
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.

It was something to him in after life
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

Is it nothing to us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,
To gather the young and the thoughtless in,
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, all for us to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—
To learn to labor, live and fight,
On the side of God and changeless right.

—Selected.

Rob and Syd.

(Joseph Woodhouse, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

They were twin brothers—Robin and Sydney.

But everybody knew them and spoke of them as Rob and Syd.

Born and bred within sight and sound of the sea in a fishing village on the East Coast, what wonder if they followed the sea as a calling!

Rob came to be master of a small coasting vessel that carried on a brisk and profitable trade. Syd entered the Royal Navy.

Brave as bravery itself both brothers were known to be by their neighbors and friends. Wind and waves ever made music for them, sometimes sweet as a young mother's lullaby to her first-born, sometimes low and hoarse as a chorus of storm-angels.

The twins had not met for five years, when circumstances all unexpectedly found them walking backwards and forwards on the bold headland that rose abruptly from the tiny harbor of their native village. The conversation in which they were engaged had evidently seized both of them. Now and again they would pause, and, looking eagerly into each other's faces, carry on the conversation with serious earnestness.

Syd charged Rob with having changed in every respect since they last saw each other.

'You are so serious, Rob,' he went on. 'You take life so earnestly. You seem to me to have grown. I can't take things as you do. I must have my fling, now I'm ashore.'

Together the brothers made their way down the zig-zag path to their sister's cottage. Seated at the tea-table, when everything was ready, Syd noticed that before the meal began Rob bowed his head and asked a blessing. He had never known him do that in the old days. Something was wrong with his brother that Syd could not make out. But he said nothing more then.

The meal passed pleasantly enough. Jennie joined in the gossip and yarns in which the brothers took full share.

Tea being over, Syd said to Rob, almost pettishly, 'Let's go to the end of the jetty, I can't bear it. I can hardly breathe shut up like this.'

'I'll tell you, then, Syd,' said Rob, after they had gone some steps in silence. 'You shall know just what has happened. Three years ago I made up my mind whenever I was at home I'd go with Jennie on Sundays to the service. I grew to like the singing, and even the preaching. I began to think about my sins, my wild, rough ways. It seemed as though God wanted me, as though Jesus was looking for me. It's all so wonderful, you know.

'I wanted to understand it. There was no one to tell me. For I had to go off to sea again. I tried to pray and find out for myself what God wanted and what Jesus meant me to be and to do. But I couldn't get at it. It was like being tossed about in a storm. No rest; nothing as it should be.

'Then, one dark night, the wind blowing a gale, our vessel was water-logged, our foremast gone, and it seemed as though she was going to the bottom. Just then we sighted the lightship. I seemed to hear all at once, as plainly as anything could be—it was just like a voice: "He that believeth in Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."'

'I knew it at once to be the voice of the Lord. It was the coming of Christ to me, I'm sure. He wanted me to believe Him and love Him. I felt all I could say was: "I will, Lord, I will believe and love Thee!"'

'The next Sunday evening I went with Jennie to the service, and lo and behold! what should the text be but those same words: "He that believeth in Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."'

'I've been different ever since, Syd. It's all new to me. I love God's Word. I know Jesus is my Saviour and my Lord. It's as the Bible says, "Old things are passed away, all things are become new."'

* * * * *

Two years later the brothers met again in the village of their birth. No word was needed from Syd to make known to Rob that he, too, saw that the happiest life is the Christian life. There was a radiance in Syd's face that Rob knew, without Syd's saying a word, was the token that he also had found God, that he had learnt what Jesus would have him be and do.

As the twins sat side by side in the village chapel the following Sunday, uniting in the same simple but hearty worship, it was a holy Bethel to them both.

Between Scylla and Charybdis

(The Rev. William Carter, Ph.D., in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

It is a beautiful June morning. The good ship 'Carpathia' is majestically ploughing her way through the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and the passengers are quietly partaking of breakfast in the dining-saloon, when the captain casually remarks, 'We shall pass Scylla and Charybdis in an hour or so.'

Scylla and Charybdis! That dangerous passage, far famed in classic song and story! I, for one, though I profess to know my mythology fairly well, had not expected to have such a sight as this. Connected as it is with Grecian legend and history, we associated it with the Grecian rather than the Italian coast; and therefore I was not prepared for such a wonderful surprise as the captain now sprung upon us.

We had arisen early that morning to get our first view of smoky Stromboli and fiery Etna, and had enjoyed seeing them and the Sicilian coast in the early morning light. We knew that we were to pass through the Straits of Messina, that narrow channel between Italy and Sicily; but none of us, college graduates though many were, had once thought of passing classic Scylla and Charybdis.

It may be that the geography of some of our readers is just as much at fault; and let me say here, from the recent knowledge I have gained, or rather from the 'refreshment' of knowledge I have gained, that Scylla and Charybdis lie in the Straits of Messina between Italy and Sicily, and the rock on the one side and the whirlpool on the other are just as dangerous to-day as when the ancients traversed these seas and feared the treacherous passage.

The channel is less than a quarter of a mile wide; and, if the vessel deflects the merest trifle from her course, there is the greatest danger that the whirlpool will seize her on the one side, or that she will be dashed to pieces on the rocks on the other.

As we were sailing along, the captain told me that in his mind here was the most dangerous piece of water in the world; only in the fairest weather might ships pass through; and if there was fog or wind, or storm of any kind, it was necessary to lie by until conditions changed and were favorable for the passage.

Fortunately the day was clear as we passed through. A June sun shone gloriously on the scene, and by special permission I stood on the bridge with the officer of the day, and looked through his binoculars on the changing sight.

On either side the land was close enough for us to see the people walking along the beach and working on the hillsides and in the fields. Sicily was on our right, Italy on our left; and thus we looked into two countries at the same moment.

As we neared the Straits, the captain went to the upper bridge, and was invisible until the dangerous point was passed. On him rested the responsibility for the ship, the cargo, and her precious human freight; and up yonder, away from the sight-seeing passengers, he, with tense nerves and minutest calculation, guided the vessel in safety to the open sea beyond.

As we drew near to the famous spot that mythology has made familiar, I asked the officer of the day, by my side on the lower bridge: 'But can you see anything? Is the whirlpool always there, and is the rock in evidence?'

'Well,' he replied grimly, 'we should be glad if they never were, but unfortunately they are sometimes too much in evidence. There has always been a discussion, I understand,' he continued, 'as to whether Scylla was a rock or a whirlpool, but we sailors say it is both. Across from Charybdis, which, by the way, is never stationary, there is always another whirlpool, which we call Scylla; and around the rock or rocks off the ancient town of Scylla yonder there is always a suction of swirling waters.'

I looked across the narrow channel as he pointed, and saw the quaint little town of Scylla and a large rock outstanding in the sunshine, with smaller ones around, like the giant teeth of some mighty dragon's jaw. I looked across the other way, and was just saying, 'Well, I hope, as it is a clear, safe day, that the whirlpool will be in evidence,' when he clutched me by the arm, and said: 'Look! Look yonder.'

And over on the right, but a few boat-lengths, it seemed, from the ship, I saw a wild commotion in the water, a seething, swirling mass that seemed reaching out to try to draw everything within its angry vortex.

'That's Charybdis,' grimly said the officer; then, pointing to the port side, he said, 'And that's Scylla'; and, looking as he pointed, I saw what seemed to be a number of smaller whirlpools reaching out as if to merge themselves in one another.

'But what's that?' I exclaimed, as I pointed to a large dark mass lying on the beach beyond Charybdis. 'That,' said the officer, and again his face took on a grim expression, 'that is the wreck of a German coastwise liner that undertook to pass an Italian vessel in the Straits, with a high wind blowing. She veered a little from her course; Charybdis caught her, played with her awhile, as a cat

plays with a mouse, and then flung her yonder, where she has rotted for two years or more.'

It's a lesson, I thought, a lesson particularly for the young. Sin never gets so old as to lose its power. Like Charybdis, a thousand years may pass with all of the change, but the whirlpool is still the same; sin is still the same. Both still have the power to ruin human hearts and lives, and fling them wrecked and stranded on the sands of time.

Young people may say of old sins, 'Ah, things are not the same now; I can do differently from what they used to do, without its hurting me.' So that German captain may have said; but the whirlpool had the same power; sin has the same power; and unless we give it a wide berth it will wreck and ruin us just as surely as it wrecked the ancients.

A Sprint for $3,000.

(The Rev. Charles P. Cleaves, in the 'C. E. World.')

The one P. M. passenger-train, north-bound, stood puffing on the track at Gray Rock, awaiting expected orders to return to its terminus. A freight wreck lay five miles up the line; there was no train on the north, and but five passengers were aboard at Gray Rock. Four of these transferred themselves and their baggage to the trolley line that cuts across the country to connect for Montreal. The fifth, paymaster of the New England Paper Company, was holding a private interview with the Gray Rock postmaster. It was Saturday afternoon, and the employees of the Deep River mills, fifteen miles up the lake, were awaiting their fortnightly wages.

Twenty minutes later the train was speeding back to Portland; and Clayton Kimball, called from the academy, was clamping on his skates at the foot of the lake, a bulky package of currency strapped under his coat and a stirred heart thumping in his chest.

It was a bright, clear December afternoon. Clayton felt particularly grateful for a pleasant way to earn five dollars and the confidence that intrusted him with the currency needed at Deep River to balance the pay-roll. It was a matter of some concern to the paymaster as he sped back to the city. But the company made a policy of prompt payments. The lake was safe for skating, not for teams. And Deep River could otherwise be reached only by a thirty-mile drive over a rough, frozen road.

The lake was fast asleep. No snow had fallen since its freezing except a slight flurry that had blown off and been lost in the forests that edged the shore. The December sun tempered the air. Startled by the ring of skates, a squirrel whisked about a tree, perched and sputtered angrily. There was time enough for the trip to the mills and back, before night; so Clayton struck out a pace he could easily keep to the finish, pausing occasionally to admire a clear vista of white birch and gray beech, standing tall and silent on the slopes of the hills. From the island came the fragrant breath of the dry sweet-fern.

A spongy shoe-tap—not usually reckoned a source of danger—began the events of the afternoon. Clayton suddenly found his skate flung off and himself sprawling headlong on the ice. Hobbling shoreward, he perched on a log, examined the shoe, trimmed the edge of the tap with his knife, set up the clamps of the skate, and was clamping it to his foot when he heard a rustle and footsteps behind him. Startled, he whirled around, skate in hand, in an attitude of defence. An amused laugh answered him.

'O, come, now! Don't you know a man from a moose?'

It was Ham Ward. Ham was a degenerate of the stock that originally settled Gray Rock—born with their ambition, but without the practical judgment and energy that characterized them. He had sounded several quick-rich schemes, found them all bottomless, and settled down to the conclusion that life was a matter of luck. He waited long for his. No trade claimed him; steady labor was too scantily productive to entice him. He did odd jobs occasionally, and at one time 'accepted' a drummer's position for a harness firm. But harness-selling drifted off into horse-trading, and before he made a profit on the latter he lost his position on the former. Thenceforth Gray Rock was forced to tolerate him, and he profited by the charity extended to his family.

He leaned against a tree, gun in hand, an empty game-bag by his side.

'Hello, Ham. You startled me. Any game?'

'Not yet. Thought I'd pick off a few squirrels; but the grays are all housed for winter, and the reds are too spry. Where are you going, Clay? What have you got under your coat?'

'Mail for the mills,' said Clayton tersely. This was true; his package included letters. He clamped on his skate, and started offshore.

'Pretty heavy mail!' laughed Ham. 'Pay-day up there, ain't it? I noticed the freight wreck across the pond. They'll have a long Sunday job over there. The passenger-train went back, didn't it?'

'Yes.'

Ward laughed derisively as Clayton spurred away. He unbuttoned his coat, and disclosed a pair of skates, which dangled by straps from his neck. A gleam of cupidity shone in his eyes. Sitting down on the carpet of dead leaves, he thrust his chin into his hands in deep thought. Then he unslung his skates, and put them on, muttering to himself.

'It's all right except for leaving my family—and I've no business to have a family. I never stole a cent o' money, but I guess it's got to be done if I'm to get anywhere in this world. I'd make quite a sprint for three thousand. They can't catch me; they can't! I can strike the six o'clock trolley at Chase's, and hit the Grand Trunk train for Canada.'

Children's eyes and a wife's tired, patient face were before him, but he shook his head to drive them away.

A sense of danger drew Clayton's look backward, and he saw Ward trailing after him with long, stealthy strides, which slackened to a careless wabble as the pursuer saw he was observed. Clayton's heart leaped. Laziness and a decent moral inheritance had hitherto kept Ward from stealing aught but cheap collateral. Just now temptation might make him a highwayman.

Forgetting the treacherous shoe-tap, Clayton spurred forward and was flung headlong, while the skate flew, ringing, across the ice.

With assumed indifference he plodded after his skate, sat down, and fastened it again upon his foot. By this time Ward joined him.

'I say, Clayton; I'm going to Deep River, and can take the mail if you like. You've got your pay for it.'

'Thanks, Ham. You're kind. That would hardly be fair to the company in any case. Besides, I'd lose the skating. Come along with me, and we'll make good time.'

They pushed on together until they reached the Narrows, half up the lake—a secluded region, where a bend in the valley shut out the distant view both north and south. Ward skated close to Clayton's side.

'I say, Clay', hold up a minute. I'm winded. You skate so fast I can't talk.'

The gleam of his eyes spoke more definitely than words. With a sidewise thrust of the foot, Clayton threw him headlong. The die was cast—the challenge flung down. There was now no secret of the intentions of either. Mindful of previous delays, Clayton controlled his impulse to dash on. He must rely on a steady, energetic gait that might permit him to win against a man of less active habit. Ham howled with pain and anger as his knees struck ice. He struggled up, and hobbled on painfully, losing time before he recovered his speed.

Clayton was a long distance ahead, perhaps a half-mile, before the race became evenly matched. Then it became exciting—fearfully exciting to Clayton, whose heart beat in long thumps as he thought of his defenceless condition, in open flight from an unprincipled man with a rifle in hand. He heard Ham's shouts behind him, but cast no backward glance.

He began to consider the chances of escape. They might meet some skater coming down from the head of the lake. But they emerged from the Narrows, and the miles lay before them, the smoke of the distant mills rising to view, but no one in sight. He might stop, clinch, and settle the matter by clear grit. His fists tightened and his muscles swelled as the hot blood surged through his veins. Time enough for that when he was overtaken; Ham would be more exhausted than he. If he took to the woods, the prospect of escape was more than even. But the forest was denser on the north, the valleys swampy, and the only chance of reaching the mills before night would be by return to the lake. But, at least, better if the shore were nearer. A rifle sometimes goes off in the hands of an angry man who has neither the heart nor the purpose of such a crime.

Clayton was now abreast of Squaw Point. Rounding the point at a distance to avoid thin ice where the current ran, he skirted nearer shore, casting a glance behind him. Ham was perhaps two hundred yards in the rear, cutting across an angle that his prey had dared not risk. Instinctively Clayton curved, and shouted:

'Take care! Thin ice!'

A shout of contempt reached him. Perhaps he was mistaken. Ward might have crossed the ice hard by the Point previously. No, the gleam of the western sun flung the smile of blue water toward Clayton. Living, momentous questions collided in his mind, questions born long before in the history of the race: whether to save an enemy at the risk of a trust, possibly of his own life; or to abide by the one purpose committed to him, and let the malefactor reap the consequence of his interference. Before he could answer he saw his pursuer's arms and rifle flung upward, saw the gleam of upturned ice and splashing water—and he was alone on the lake.

Instantly he skated shoreward, and searched eagerly along the bank for a pole or a sapling that by chance might be lying loose. Nothing was in sight. Climbing up on the land where saplings grew up from an old stump, he wrenched one free. Ward's head appeared above water, and he was frantically clutching at the thin ice below him, his limbs driven under by the current. Clayton skated perilously near the north side of the opening.

'This way—quick! You'll have to swim it. You'll go under there! Ham, Ham, swim this way!'

Ham obeyed. He realized that the only chance of climbing ice lay on the side of the hole from whence the current came, where the limbs may be swept surface-ward instead of under the ice. Threshing across the opening with numbed arms and legs, he broke through tender ice, and reached the long sapling that Clayton extended. As he crashed through more ice, breaking it with his free hand, Clayton drew back to firmer ice, and finally landed his undesirable shark.

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ONE OF THE GROUPS.

(Watch for another next week.)

GROUP J.

(55) Champlain receives Royal Commission to explore Canada.

(56) The Ancient Pavane, danced by 80 courtiers at the Louvre (1608).

(57) Henry IV. and Queen Marie with train of courtiers.

(58) Court pages, the Louvre (1608).

(59) Costumes of three centuries ago.

(60) Indian party meet Champlain on arrival at Quebec (1608).

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Ham sat up, and looked about him sullenly.

'You saved my life, Clayton. Why didn't you wait for me? I wouldn't have gotten into this scrape.'

'You ask that question!' cried Clayton scornfully, backing away from Ham as he rose to his feet. 'What are you going to do now?'

Ward shivered, a picture of misery. 'I'm going home. I've lost my gun.'

With relief Clayton burst into laughter.

'Here, take my overcoat. You'd better strip and wring your outers before you put it on. You won't freeze if you skate on the gait you've shown this afternoon.'

He flung his coat towards Ham, keeping a safe distance.

'Mind you keep it out of sight till I call for it, or tell folks you borrowed it after a ducking I shall tell nothing. Good-by!'

He stooped to test the firmness of his skates, then bent himself to cover the five miles that lay before him. Ward wrung out his coat, squeezed the wet trousers that bagged his limbs, and with Clayton's warm garment buttoned about him urged his stiffened body homeward. It was the coldest shock he had ever met in a cold world. Either it braced and nerved him into activity, or he feared Clayton might be tempted to spoil his reputation for honesty. At least, for some reason never publicly understood, he began next day at common labor in the Deep River mills, removed his family thither within a month, and lives there now, earning the respect that naturally follows industry, and sharing the payments that never since have been transported by way of the lake.

On Trial.

(Pansy, in 'Junior Golden Rule.')

'I've got the place!' called Nannie, triumph in her voice. 'She said she liked my looks, and believed I would be just the one. I'm to be there at eight, and stay until six; and I am to have my dinner and supper there, and be paid a dollar a week, just for playing with that cunning little Laurie. Won't it be fun? He is just as sweet and as pretty as he can be; and he has ever so many things that I should like to play with myself. And only think—a dollar a week just for playing. By the time vacation is over I shall have my bicycle! Because I have ten already, and mother will manage to get the other two somehow. I know she will.'

Lizzie Potter looked at her friend wistfully, and with a shade of annoyance as well as disappointment in her brown eyes. She wondered why it was that Nannie seemed always to get just a little ahead of her. It was only yesterday that she had heard that Mrs. Prescott was looking for a little girl to come and play with and watch over her three-year-old son Laurie, and would be willing to pay something in return.

Lizzie had talked it over with her mother in the evening. If she could make, in that way, a few dollars towards buying the cow, how splendid it would be! But behold! Nannie had heard of the opportunity, and while Lizzie was doing her morning work had rushed off and secured the place.

By the next evening, Nannie was less delighted with her chance. 'It's awful hard work,' she complained to Lizzie, 'to play all the time, whether you want to or not. That little Laurie is a regular tyrant; he must be read to or played with or watched every single minute. And he can't play anything but the silliest plays. If it were not for his taking long naps, I couldn't stand it. I had a good time then; I read the loveliest book! Mrs. Hollister hinted that I might play with her two little girls if I choose; but I can tell you I was hired to play with Laurie, and that's enough for me.'

'Who is Mrs. Hollister?' asked Lizzie.

'Why, she is Mrs. Prescott's sister and has two 'wins, bothering little girls, dressed exactly alike.'

On the morning of her fifth day of work Nannie came to her friend with eager tongue.

The girls at the Moreman house, right next to them, were going nutting, and had invited her to go along, and that meant Mrs. Prescott wou'dn't let her off for a single day, unless she could get some one to take her place. Wouldn't Lizzie do it for her? Then she could read that lovely book.

'There's lots of time to read,' confessed Nannie, 'even when Laurie is awake. Sometimes his mother takes him into the parlor to see callers, or she has something to show him or tell him, and at such times I whip out my book and read like lightning.'

Oh, yes, Lizzie would go, and on the way to Mrs. Prescott's she busied herself with calculating just how much she should earn, provided Nannie paid her for the day's work.

It was certainly a busy day. By night she was tired. Still, it had been a pleasant day. Laurie had been as good as gold, and his mother had told her that he had done less

The Fox Shot.

(J. F. C., in 'Chatterbox.')

It is a custom in some countries to hang on trees in the woods traps for birds, of a triangular shape, like those seen in the picture. These traps have a noose, in which the poor bird, when it lifts up its beak to pluck berries, is caught by the neck and hung.

In the scene drawn in the picture several birds have been caught in this manner; but it is not the fate of their comrades only which is causing such a twittering, and making so much stir among the feathered inhabitants of that forest. Some strange visitor is evidently about to appear, and if we wait a few moments we shall see him come creeping along among the ferns and bushes.

There he is! his sharp nose high in the air, his green eyes sparkling with cunning and thirst for blood, the muscles of every limb stretched with eager expectation, his ears pricked up lest any danger to him should be near. It is none other than our friend Reynard, the greatest thief of the forest, always full of murderous designs on everything that creeps or flies—from the roe to the mouse, from the farmyard-hen to the little wren, from the fish and crab in the water and the frog in the marsh, to the grasshopper in the meadow and the butterfly on the flower.

Now he has perceived the birds in the trap above him. He is delighted; his brush moves about like a snake; his nose works upwards; he elevates his head and back, and now the fore-part of his body rests upon the nearest tree. The thief opens his mouth and we see a splendid row of ivory teeth. He is just going to make a spring at the bird, which is still warm, when 'Wait, rogue!' are the words he hears. Immediately there is a sharp report, and Master Reynard's roving life is at an end.

mischief, she believed, than on any day since the mischievous part of his life began. Part of the time the little fellow had been really helpful. Lizzie had found his toy basket in dire confusion, and he and she had put it in perfect order.

Then the Hollister twins had been very interesting to Lizzie. She had found book which they could understand, and read them a story, while Laurie was sleeping, and they were as quiet as mice.

But when Nannie inquired how she liked the book she told her of, Lizzie confessed that there had been no time to look at it.

While the two girls were both cuddled into Nannie's mother's armchair, talking over the day, Mrs. Prescott and Mrs. Hollister were also talking it over.

'I haven't had so restful a day in a long time,' said Mrs. Prescott. 'There is a great contrast between Nannie and her friend. Nannie waits until Laurie gets into mischief, and then goes and picks him out; but Lizzie keeps him so busy and happy that he forgets all about mischief.'

'Yes, and did you notice how nicely she put the playroom in order? It hasn't looked so pleasant there since Norah left. Everything is in its place, and neatly dusted. She is bright, too; she kept both Laurie and the little girls at work helping her, and made it into play for them. I like the child very much. If it were she, instead of Nannie, who were engaged for Laurie, I should feel like adding fifty cents a week to her wages because she reads so nicely to my little girls when he is sleeping.'

'Nannie is only engaged for a week, on trial,' said Mrs. Prescott, 'and after seeing Lizzie Potter I think I may safely say that Nannie doesn't suit. She does exactly what she is directed to, and never by chance anything else. I saw her walk around a newspaper on the floor a dozen times without a thought of picking it up. Such help as that never amounts to much. Besides the child has a book in her hand every chance she can get.'

Said Mrs. Hollister: 'The trouble with Nannie is that she is thinking of herself and of nobody else.'

At the end of the week Nannie was astonished and dismayed to be told that she need not come any more, as she was not quite the sort of help that was needed.

But when she found that Lizzie Potter was engaged in her place and was to be paid fifty cents a week more, she was angry.

'If I had known,' she said to Lizzie, 'that you would be mean enough to steal my place away I shouldn't have let you go there at all.'

As for Mrs. Hollister's 'two twins,' they were delighted.

In the Tower.

(The Rev. F. G. McCauley, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.'

Some time ago I passed a few hours in a railroad tower waiting for a train. It was night. The tower was at the crossing of two important railroads. In it were five noisy telegraph instruments chattering their message, and a row of twenty-four levers controlling interlocking switches. The tower-man had to give his attention to all of these and to manage some half dozen semaphores.

Upon his faithfulness and clear-headedness depended at times the safety of thousands of dollars' worth of property and scores of lives.

At times there would come out of the darkness the shrill whistle of an approaching train. Then the tower-man would be all alert. A semaphore would drop, and levers be flung back. Soon a glare of light would tunnel the darkness, then a roar, and then a limited train running at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour would rush past and disappear with its freight of sleeping passengers.

Then the semaphore arm would swing back and the levers would be reversed, waiting for further orders.

I said to the young man: 'If you should pull the wrong lever or give the wrong signal, what would happen then?'

'There would be a wrecked train, perhaps, and valuable property and many lives would be destroyed.'

'Do you ever drink intoxicating liquors?'

'No, sir; I do not know what they taste like. I do not know what a saloon looks like, except as I see it from the street. I was once led into a place where I thought, "How ashamed I would be if my sister found me here," but I quit that. I tell you, a young man cannot afford to indulge in such things.'

'No,' I said, 'and the day is coming, and not far distant, when the man who drinks or debauches himself cannot find employment except of the humblest kind requiring no skill. In this busy life, with its urgent demands and nerve-wearing labor, strong bodies and clear brains are demanded. The man who discounts himself by any kind of debauchery will soon find his occupation gone.'

The person who drinks intoxicating liquor or smokes cigarettes or wastes his strength in riotous living, pulls the wrong lever and wrecks, may be, the interests of his employer, but surely his own character and soul. 'Keep thyself pure.'

Rules for Letter Writing.

Have you unkind thoughts?
Do not write them down.
Write no words that giveth pain;
Written words may long remain.

Have you heard some idle tale?
Do not write it down.
Gossips may repeat it o'er,
Adding to its bitter store.

Have you any careless sorrow?
Bury it, let it rest;
It may wound some loving breast.
Words of love and tenderness,
Words of truth and kindliness,
Words of comfort for the sad,
Words of counsel for the bad
Wisely write them down.

Words, though small, are mighty things,
Pause before you write them;
Little words may grow and bloom
With bitter breath or sweet perfume,
Pray before you write them.

'Pansy.'

How Tom Hurt His Eyes.

Tom Benton was just getting well from an attack of the measles. He wanted to get up and play with the other boys, and the doctor had said that he must lie still in a dark room for another day or two.

'Much he knows about how a fellow feels!' grumbled Tom to himself. 'A little light won't hurt anybody, and I am going to read my new book if I can't do anything else.'

Tom pushed open the blinds and read until Nora came in with his supper. 'To-morrow I shall get up and have a good time,' he thought, 'I'm not going to lie here forever.'

That night Tom woke up with a sharp pain in his eyes. They had never ached so before, and he screamed for his mother.

She bathed them in cold water, but they still hurt so much that the doctor had to be sent for.

'You'll know enough to obey orders next time, won't you, young man?' he asked, when he heard what Tom had been doing. 'You'll have to keep those eyes of yours bandaged for several days yet, if you want to get rid of that pain It's lucky for you you don't use tobacco, or your eyes would be a great deal worse than they are now. Have you heard about Burt Carter, down at the Mills?'

'No; what is the matter with him?' asked Tom.

'I am afraid he's going to lose his eyesight entirely,' said the doctor. 'He's been smoking cigarettes pretty steadily and drinking beer every day, and now his eyes are paying the penalty. They are going to take him to the city oculist to-morrow, but I am afraid no one can help him.'

'Why, his eyes used to be as strong as anything,' said Tom. 'He could look right up at the sun, when all the rest of us had to use smoked glass, and he says he always reads on the cars; I can't, because it makes me dizzy.'

'Well, I'm thinking he never will again,' said the doctor. 'He has abused his eyes once too often, and now it looks as if he were going to be blind for the rest of his life.'

Tom looked pretty sober. 'Miss Gray told us all these things in the physiology class,' he said, presently, 'but we boys thought she was trying to scare us; maybe she wasn't, though.'

'No, indeed,' said the doctor, 'she was telling you the truth, and you'd better be thankful you've found it out in time. If I'd known as much at your age about the care of my eyes, I shouldn't be wearing spectacles, I can tell you. You just tell the boys that.'

When Tom went back to school the physiology class was having a review lesson on the eyes, and his hand was the first to come up when Miss Gray asked who could tell some of the ways in which the eyes may be hurt:

1. It hurts the eyes to look at the sun or at any bright light, or to try to see in a poor light.

2. It strains the eyes to read when one is lying down, or riding in the cars or a waggon.

3. It is bad for the eyes to use them much when one is sick or not feeling well.

4. Tobacco hurts the eyes, and sometimes makes people lose their eyesight.

5. Any liquor which contains alcohol may make the eyes red and hurt them in other ways.— School Physiology Journal.'

Whose Place Will You Take?

You are looking for a place. You may make a place for yourself. By some invention or enterprise, or wise management, you may originate some work which is all your own. But in most cases boys, as they grow up, take the places which other men occupied, and do work which other men have done. It is quite important, therefore, for boys to consider what places they will take when they grow up.

'I read,' says one writer, 'of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: "I am tired of my house and grounds; come and take care of them and I will give them to you." Then came an honored judge, and said: "I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work." Then one said, "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets." Every boy should be preparing himself for the place he is to fill. The boy who is studious, honest, noble and true is fitting for a good place. The boy who runs the streets nights, who lies, swears, drinks and keeps bad company —what kind of a place will he fill?—'The Little Christian.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

My Little Gray Kitten and I.

(Florence A. Jones, in 'Pets and Animals.')

When the north wind whistles 'round the house
Piling the snowdrifts high,
We nestle down on the warm hearth rug—
My little gray kitty and I.
I tell her about my work and play,
And all I mean to do,
And she purrs so loud I surely think
That she understands—don't you?

She looks about with her big round eyes,
And softly licks my face;
As I tell her about the word I missed,
And how I have lost my place.
Then let the wind whistle, for what to us
Matters a stormy sky?
Oh, none have such jolly times as we—
My little gray kitty and I.

What Happened to Jimmy.

Rain or shine, Jimmy, the carrier of the 'Evening Sential,' took the paper to Mr. Dalton's door all through the long winter. A bright little fellow he was, raised on the streets, but he could remember just a little of how once he wasn't just a little street boy carrying papers and doing odd jobs; of a time when he lived in the country, where the grass was green and there was plenty room to breathe.

And how he longed to go back! But there seemed no way now, since he had no father and mother. As the birds began to sing in the city parks and the flowers to bloom, it made him wish to go all the more. And one evening late, when he carried the paper to Mr. Dalton, he heard a cheery voice saying to him, 'You needn't bring the paper for two weeks, lad; we're all off for the woods,—a camping trip, fishing and hunting for all those days.'

And the boy's heart felt like a load in his breast. Mr. Dalton saw his face, and then clapping his hands together, said:

'The very thing! Take you with us. I can see you're hungry for the woods, too. Could you get off for a few days and help me about the camp, carry fish, dig bait, and all such things?'

He needed no answer, for big tears were rolling down Jimmy's face.

'It's what I've been a-waiting to do, and I ain't got no boss 'cept the Sentinel man, and I can put Joe Trent in my place.'

'All right, then. Show up at daylight in the morning; we start bright and early,' Mr. Dalton said.

And Jimmy showed up. His face was shining, his clothes neatly brushed. Only to think he was going to the country with Mr. Dalton to fish, to hunt, and sleep in a tent!

A glorious time it was, for he was at Mr. Dalton's heels, digging worms, carrying the poles and often fishing himself all day long. But he loved best of all to see Mr. Dalton in his fishing clothes taking the shining fish off the line, one after another, to be fried for supper in real camp fashion.

He fogot the noisy city, with the jingling street cars and heavy waggons, and would not let himself think of the time when fishing and hunting time would be over and he would be yelling 'Evening Sentinel' along the streets.

At last the two weeks were over and he helped pack up with a heavy heart; yet it had been such a happy two weeks.

'I've been wanting to tell you a plan of mine, Jimmy. Mr. James is a farmer friend of mine near here, and he wants a boy to live with him. I've thought perhaps you'd like to stay rather than go back to the city. There would be cows to milk, stock to water, wood to bring in, but there would be fishing, too, and wading in the creek! A faithful boy like you can fish with me every summer if he wants to!'

For an answer Jimmy gave him a great bear-hug.

And that was how Jimmy Morton came to be Farmer James's little boy and worked and played in the beautiful country.—The 'Child's Gem.'

TRUANTS
Two little Jap boys Yang and Si Yense
Had lived on this elegant jar,
They stood at an angle so very intense
You would think they had swallowed a bar
But at night when the folks were asleep
They stepped from the vase to the floor
And played long at leap after leap
Till grey dawn crept in at the door
When they sadly resumed a stiffness grotesque
(For the jar had remarked "No more play")
And settled their coats in a mode picturesque
Nor ventured to wink for that day.

—From the 'Little Ones' Annual,' Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

The Drop of Water.

A little drop of rain fell into the opened leaves of a rose. It was a comfortable, cosy home for it. The bed on which it rested was soft as velvet, and the perfume of the rose was delicious. For a while the drop was as happy as it could be.

By-and-by it grew tired of doing nothing. It is not right, thought the little drop, that I should be idle while there is so much to do. The buds are spreading their leaves to the sun. The vines are hanging out their tiny grapes. The birds are building their nests, singing merrily while they work. The bees are flying off to their hives with heavy loads of honey. Even the sunshine is warming everything into life. But I, what shall I do? I will wait and watch. The great God will find something for the little drop of water to do, in His own good time. See, there is a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand. Some of my bothers and sisters are sleeping in it. Perhaps they will join me in a little while, and we may all work together to do something for this beautiful earth.

While it was speaking, other clouds came up into the sky, until the heavens grew black with them. Then the rain

fell merrily enough, and the little rain-drop leaped out to join his brothers and sisters. Together they ran down the garden path, over the smooth sand, and then crept through the hedge and over the grass of the meadow, until, with a glad laugh, they leaped down into a brook, and sped away toward the sea. Even here the little rain-drop was not lost. It helped to water long miles of meadows, and the roots of great trees in the forest. It turned the wheels of huge mills and factories that gave work and food to thousands. It helped to hold up large ships and steamers, with all the wealth and the precious lives they contained. And so the little rain-drop was happy in doing good, happier than when it nestled in the soft, sweet leaves of the rose. It was so strong that at last it swept out into the ocean to finish what it had to do. But as it went into the darkness it sang, 'Happy is the little drop of water. The dear Lord did not make it for nothing. Work and sing! Work and sing!'

Little children, God has something for you to do—something higher and better than the duties of the little rain-drop. Don't wait! Find it, and do it!—'Chatterbox.'

Mr. Monk.

[For the Messenger.

Nellie was a little English girl, nearly five years old. She lived in a big house which was just like all the other houses on the same street. They all had iron

railings in front, and a little square porch with white steps. Nellie was very fond of sitting on top of the porch and looking at the people going by. One day a little Italian boy with an organ and a monkey stopped just in front and began to play. The monkey was a little black one with a long tail, and it wore a tiny red coat and yellow cap, and danced around to the music.

Nellie thought it was the sweetest thing she had ever seen, and ran indoors to beg her mother to give her some pennies for it. Her mother gave her the pennies, and some nuts, too, and Nellie threw them down to the monkey.

He gave the pennies to his master, but put all the nuts into his cheeks, till he looked as if he had a very bad toothache.

After that the organ boy used to come every week with the monkey, and Nellie always had some money and some nuts and apples for them.

One day Nellie had a birthday, and when she came down to breakfast, there was a great big wooden box on the table.

What do you think was in it? Nellie was so excited that she didn't try to

guess, just jumped up and down while her daddy opened the box, and out came Mr. Monkey in his little red coat! He seemed to know who he was meant for, for he ran straight to Nellie and put his little black arms round her neck just like a baby. Nellie thought it was the nicest birthday present she had ever had.

The Italian boy said the monkey's name was Garibaldi, but Nellie didn't

like that, so she always called him Mr. Monk. Nellie had a little dog called Tim, who had lived in her house since he was a tiny little puppy, and at first he didn't like Mr. Monk at all.

They were always quarrelling, sometimes it was Mr. Monk's fault and sometimes it was Tim's, but I think Tim was the worst, because he was the host, and should have been very polite to the new arrival.

But one day they had a very bad quarrel, and after that they made friends.

It was this way:—

Nellie and Mr. Monk were playing with a doll, when all of a sudden Tim began to growl.

Mr. Monk jumped away with the doll still in his arms, and Nellie grabbed his tail.

Then Tim thought he would have some fun, so he caught Nellie's dress in his teeth, was growling and worrying with all his might, when a big piece came off in his mouth. There was a great fuss then and Nellie's daddy came in and spanked Tim and Mr. Monk *hard* till they squealed.

After that I suppose they thought it would be better to behave themselves, and play together instead of fighting, for that's what they do now, and whenever one of them gets a piece of cake or something nice at tea time, he shares it with the other.

The Snowball Shop.

(Annie Willis McCullough, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

The snowball shop is up in the clouds,
Ho! ho! As of course you know!
There snowflakes gather in restless crowds,
When the season's arrived for snow.
And there they wait in their cloud homes gray,
Ho! ho! To be sure, you know!
Till it's time to start on their earthward way,
To fill the whole world with snow.

The snowball shop has a showroom great,
Ho! ho! Don't the children know?
And the doors are open early and late
When its shelves are filled with snow.
And this wonderful room is the whole outdoors!
Ho! ho! Yes, the children know!
For there you will find the fleecy stores
That come from the shop of snow.

You may run and shout and help yourselves,
Ho! ho! As I'm sure you know!
For there's always more upon the shelves
Of this marvellous shop of snow!
Oh, the snowballs, and snow-men, and sleds, and rides!
Ho! ho! All the children know!
Oh, the snow houses, snow-shoes, and forts and slides,
That come in the time of snow!
Ho! ho! Hurrah for the shop of snow!

Dorothy's Mustn'ts.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the 'Southern Presbyterian.')

I'm sick of 'mustn'ts,' said Dorothy D.;
Sick of 'mustn'ts' as I can be.
From early morn till close of day,
I hear a 'mustn't' and never a 'may.'
It's 'You mustn't lie there like a sleepy head;'
And 'You mustn't sit up when it's time for bed;'
'You mustn't cry when I comb your curls;'
'You mustn't play with those noisy girls;'
'You mustn't be silent when spoken to;'
'You mustn't chatter as parrots do;'
'You mustn't be pert, and you mustn't be proud;'
'You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud;'
'You mustn't rumple your nice, clean dress;'
'You mustn't nod in place of yes.'
So all day long the 'mustn'ts' go,
Till I dream at night of an endless row
Of goblin 'mustn'ts' with great big eyes,
That stare at me in shocked surprise.
Oh! I hope I shall live to see the day
When some one will say to me, 'Dear, you may,'
For I'm sick of 'mustn'ts,' said Dorothy D.;
Sick of 'mustn'ts' as I can be.

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Act Promptly. Don't Miss This Carnival Number.

The Victory of Struggle.

(Patterson Du Bois, in 'Beckonings From Little Hands.')

There is such a thing as a victory of struggle as well as a struggle for victory. There is a struggle that, failing of achievement, is in itself a most high and noble form of achievement. He who accomplishes his purpose with ease may have accomplished less than he who has struggled for that accomplishment and failed.

Of these inward struggles of the spirit the world knows little. And one reason why the world knows so little of them is because it is the little people—the children—who furnish the greater part of the heroes of those hidden wrestlings of the soul. The world does, once in a while, recognize the hero in a child who rescues a comrade from some bodily peril. But of the struggles within, the fierce spiritual combats for the mastery of right over wrong, for the overcoming of difficulties of temperament, difficulties in the constitution of mind and of body, difficulties of environment—of these the world keeps itself ignorant, and the child knows it and feels it. Yet all the nobler is its heroism for this isolation, this painful loneliness, this cruel exile of soul.

I once caught a glimpse of a bit of this occult heroism. It was in the lamplight. A little white-robed figure darted through the library portière, and after a hug around my neck, and a rain of kisses as well, my affectionate boy was ready to kneel at my lap for his bedtime prayer.

Mild, tractable, obedient, yet full of life, spirits, and zeal, he was the very incarnation of an unselfish, out-going affection, my ideal lover, with whom to love was to live, to live was to love. He was at once bold and timid, shy and familiar, of fine sensibilities, open, talkative, yet reticent in all that to his realest self was sacred and divine. With all his joviality, his bodily activity, his demonstrativeness, he was painfully reserved—a veritable prophet of silence. Never until now, when he was fast approaching five years of age, had he added an original petition to his prayers, or been able, except in prayer, to so much as mention the name of the deity.

It had been one of those days when in child life, as in adult life, everything seems to go wrong and to be at cross purposes—rather let us say, with grown persons it is claimed that 'things go wrong,' while in the case of children it is the children themselves who are charged with going wrong. Before my lover knelt in prayer, I talked to him, and asked him whether he wanted to do right, even though he sometimes found it hard. He convinced me that he did, and I told him, for his encouragement, that it was so with me oftentimes, and that we had only to ask God to help us if we would make the effort.

(To be continued.)

For marks made on painted woodwork by matches, try rubbing first with a slice of lemon, then with whiting, and in a few moments wash with warm soapsuds.

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The story of Stepan Iline, who 'through strait doors entered into a wide place,' is one that will stir the hearts of our readers to their very depths. The extraordinary decree on which this story is founded is not an effort of the imagination, but simple historical fact, and we who are free men need to realize our privileges. We need to realize the privations of those who have been and are bondsmen. When such men come to us looking for a new land, a new life, we need some knowledge of what they come from if we are to weld them into added strength for this great nation we are building. 'The Long Road,' by John Oxenham, will start in the 'Witness' in the third week in February. Watch for it. Show this to your neighbors.

MAIL BAG.

Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find renewal subscriptions to 'World Wide' and 'Weekly Witness.' It would be impossible for me to state which paper gives the more satisfaction. Both are certainly indispensable.—(MISS) SUSAN M. DREW.

Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen,—Directly and indirectly I have been a reader of the 'World Wide' for four or five years, and find that reprints published and news contained in it are well selected, furnishing the best from many of the best journals and, therefore, gladly renew my subscription.—Very sincerely yours, (REV.) HUGH DORSON.

The Childless Home.

In a recent local paper I noticed the fact that Hannah and Joseph Bennett had celebrated their golden wedding. They are plain, God-fearing people. Their circumstances are quite comfortable, but unfortunately they have no children. They have not endowed orphanages nor colleges. They have done something better.

They have given homes to twenty-two children. They never had more than three under their roof at one time. Those that could receive it were given good, common educations. Some learned trades. When they were married they were given a 'setting out,' as our forefathers called it.

The Bennetts did not parade their philanthropy. Reader, can you not get some incentive from plain Joseph and Hannah? I recall another mother, whose five children lie in a village cemetery. She did not cry out, 'Lord, thou hast forsaken me.' She gave to poor parents each year the means to clothe their children. She gave about as much as her five would have received had they lived. Her benevolence was distributed widely. Some children were supplied with text-books for school, along with shoes and hose. Others would receive clothing or Christmas joys. Very little of her money lay idle.—'Herald and Presbyter.'

Life is God's gymnasium. He takes the measures; we do not know what they are. He puts us in our places, and gives us what discipline we need. The ministers call churches means of grace, and prayer means of grace, and the Bible means of grace, and so they are. But, also, your shop is a means of grace, and your kitchen a means of grace, and your social gathering is a means of grace. Let a man go into life believing this, taking life as his school preparing for the life beyond, and what a glorious thing it is to live. Even failures do not discourage such a man, because he says, I have failed once, and, now I know what my weak point is, I will correct it next time. Christ supplies our need by teaching us the meaning and significance of life.—Lyman Abbott, D.D.

..HOUSEHOLD..

He Gave Unto Me a Vineyard.

(Margaret Erskine, in the 'Zion's Herald.')

I worked all morn in my vineyard, sowing
with skill and care.
And I said (in my pride), 'No vineyard will
ever be half as fair,
For naught will be planted in it, but shall
please the eye and the heart;
None but the costliest blossoms shall have in
my vineyard a part.'

I came, in the noon, to my vineyard, to gather
my harvest store,
But the 'Seeds of Pleasure' I planted the
'Flowers of Trouble' bore.
I cast my tools far from me; I shrieked aloud
in my pain;
'Curse be the hour that bore me?' Nor
came to my vineyard again.

I came, in the night, to the Master, to re-
ceive with the rest, my pay,
For, I thought, 'I have suffered greatly, He
will not say me nay.'
But the Master eyed me coldly. 'I asked
not for words, but deeds.
You have wasted the years I gave you; your
vineyard is choked with weeds.'

The Broken Circle.

I know a kind father who is very clever in finding illustrations to impress good thoughts on his children. One day he took an India-rubber band, laid it on the floor, and showed them it was a complete circle—like their own family, in which no division had ever been made by death, although numbering as many as nine.

The father cut the band in pieces, still keeping it in a circle, and said, 'We cannot expect it always to remain complete; death would break it up bit by bit. Ah! it is rare to see so many in an unbroken family circle.'

He then removed one piece after another, and put them together again in another circle upon the table. The parable did not require much explanation even for the youngest, when the father tenderly taught them to try to have the circle complete above, and charged them each one to see they were not a missing piece.

There are some people who object to talking about solemn subjects to children. But it does not keep death a bit farther off if we avoid speaking or thinking of it. At a very early age children understand more than they often get credit for, and there are countless instances of the very young showing true faith in Jesus Christ, the 'Resurrection and the Life.'

It happened not long after that fever entered that household, and several of the children suffered. One dear little fellow of eight never recovered. He was very patient, and in the last night he seemed quite to know he was dying. In his intervals of consciousness he said several times, 'Good-by to all.' His sad father and mother asked what he meant by saying 'good-by,' and where he was going; and he replied, 'To heaven.' He also said, over and over, 'Lord Jesus, come.'

Not for that mourning household only, but for all Christian homes, let this little incident be laid to heart, so that many a circle, broken on earth, may reappear 'an unbroken family in heaven.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

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Religious News.

The Union Medical College for Women, plans for which have been under consideration for several years, has at last become a reality. The American Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist Episcopal Missions comprise the united force, each taking its share in the instruction and paying for its own students. The Methodist Woman's Foreign Missionary Society furnishes the equipment and the medical school is housed, for the present, in the Elizabeth Sleeper Davis Hospital. The Union Medical School for Men keeps a large staff of physicians in Peking, and those belonging to the missions enumerated above teach in both schools. If it were not for this the school for women would be impossible, for we should never have enough women doctors to do the required teaching. Dr. Eliza Leonard, of the Presbyterian Mission, is dean of the faculty. The entrance requirements and the course of study are the same for both schools and modelled on the plan of medical schools in England and America. There is only one other school in China in which girls can obtain a full medical course, and that is conducted by the Presbyterian Mission in Canton.—'Woman's Missionary Friend.'

In the World's Alliance there are 7,681 associations, representing 45 nationalities, and including 300 well-equipped associations in missionary lands. The membership is just under 900,000, and shows an increase of nearly 55,000 in the last eighteen months. To this splendid total the United Kingdom contributes 630 associations and nearly 120,000 members. Rapid progress has been made in the work in military camps. Forty-one encampments last year had specially erected Y. M. C. A. quarters. These were used by thousands of men as reading and writing-rooms; 600,000 letters were written and 2,660 pledges were signed against drinking and gambling. To prosecute this work, nearly 600 volunteers were necessary, and a majority of them were young university men who had given up part of their holidays for the purpose.

Lizzie L. Johnson, an invalid and an intense sufferer for the space of twenty-five years, for the last seventeen years has never been in a sitting position, nor had her head off her pillow. During these years of suffering she has raised for missions over $16,000, and has supported in foreign lands native Christian workers that have given a century and a quarter of service. Hers is a most remarkable example of self-sacrificing service. If such devotion were general the world would soon be saved.

The $16,000, by which many native workers have been supported, has been raised by the making and selling of book-marks. She herself has attended to all the correspondence of this large business. In referring to the sale of the book-marks, Miss Johnson says: 'I have sent book-marks to every State in the Union, as well as to Mexico, Canada, England, Scotland, Italy, Sweden, Austria, India, Malaysia, Madeira, Turkey, Africa, South America, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, China, and Japan.—Bishop Warne.

Household Hints.

A slate with pencil attached by a string, should hang in every kitchen, to aid the memory of the housewife.

Care should be taken of children's lunch baskets to keep them sweet and clean, dipping them in hot salt water, then into cold, at least once a month. Dry quickly by the fire or in the sunshine.

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Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Polish Up the Dark Side.

Is life a fret and tangle
And everything gone wrong?
Are friends a bit disloyal,
And enemies too strong?
Is there no bright side showing?
Then—as a sage has said—
'Polish up the dark side,
And look at that instead!'

The darkest plank of oak will show
Sometimes the finest grain,
The roughest rock will sometimes yield
A gleaming golden vein;
Don't rail at fate, declaring
That no brightness shows ahead,
But 'polish up the dark side,
And look at that instead!'

—'League Journal.'

A Morning Call.

'Do tell me,' said Mrs. Jones, who had dropped in for a chat, 'how it happened you have your bread baked and Katie was only mixing hers as I left.'

'That is simple enough,' I replied. 'Yesterday noon I served boiled potatoes for dinner and used the water in which they were boiled to scald my flour in making the yeast. As I started supper, I added salt and sugar and a yeast cake that had been dissolved. After supper dishes were washed I mixed my bread in a stiff loaf and let it rise until this morning, when I moulded it in loaves and put it in the tins. This was done while breakfast was cooking. You know I always prepare as much of this the evening before as possible.'

'Well,' she said, 'doesn't your bread get sour during the night?'

'Not a bit of it. On the contrary it is sweeter than when made the other way, as it does not rise so many times.'

'Do tell me why the blacking on your stove does not seem to burn off so readily as it does for me.'

'Another simple thing,' I replied. 'Try mixing your blacking with strong cold coffee and a trifle of vinegar.'

'Just one more question and I will go. How do you manage to keep the flies from out the dining-room and kitchen with Miss Two-year-old leaving screens open so much?'

'By using oil of lavender on all my table linens, curtains, etc. This has no disagreeable odor for people, but the flies do not take kindly to it, as you may see, and best of all it does not leave any stain and is very cheap.' —Selected.

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NOTICE.

Application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature of Quebec, respecting the will of the late Margaret Ewing, widow of William Galt, of Montreal, to confirm certain Titles granted thereunder, and to make other provisions in regard thereto.

Montreal, December 28th, 1908.

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2715.—Child's one-piece dress, closing with buttons down the front, and having a removable chemisette. Dark red serge is used for this charming little model, with trimming bands and belt hand embroidered in a darker shade of red.—This is an excellent model for school wear. Five sizes, 1 to 9 years.

2733.—Boys' blouse or shirt-blouse with or without back yoke facing, and permanent turn-down collar. A good model for Viyella flannel, heavy linen or madras. Six sizes, 6 to 16 years.

2748.—Childs' one-piece dress, with yoke.—An excellent little model which will develop well in serge cashmere, challis or heavy linen. Four sizes, 1 to 7 years.

2725.—Girls' dress with bishop or plain sleeves. Navy blue serge was used for this little school frock, although it is adaptable to challis, mohair, flannel or cashmere. Five sizes, 6 to 14 years.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

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